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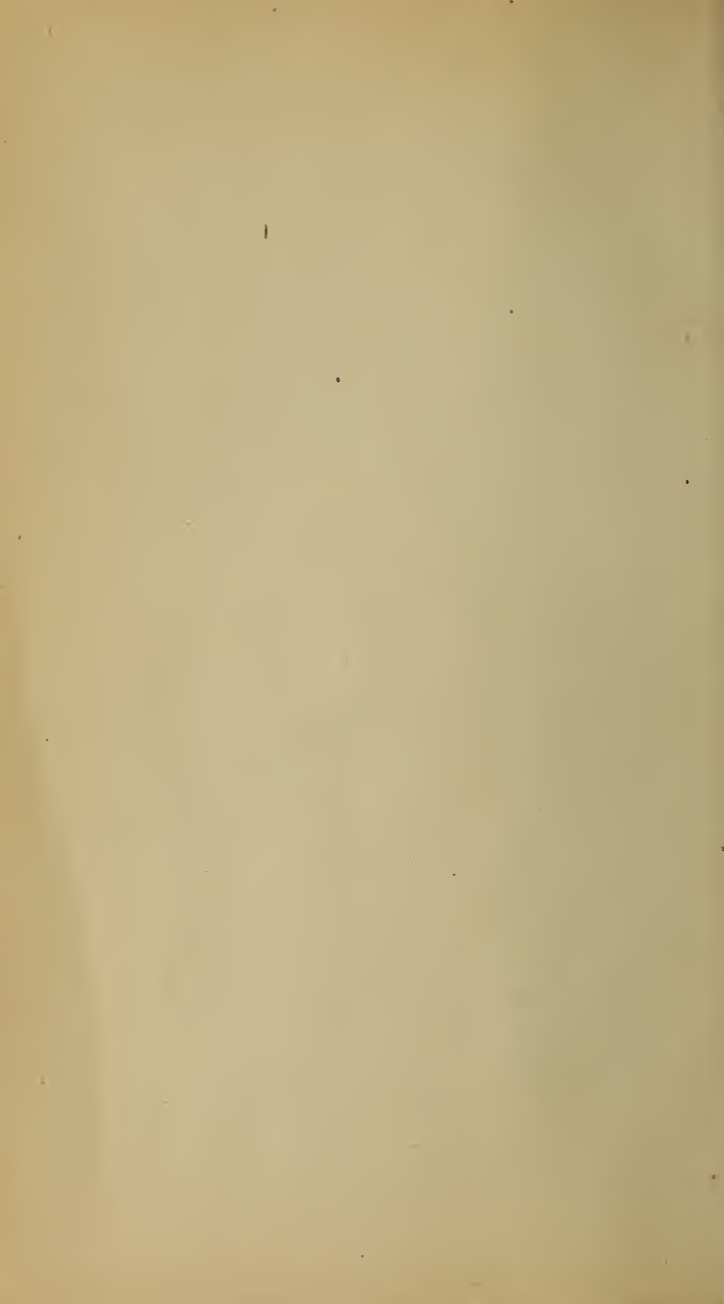
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LOVE POEMS AND  
SONNETS



# Love Poems and Sonnets

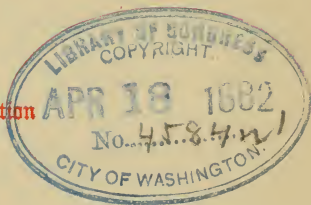
BY

OWEN INNSLY

*Lucia H. Johnson*



Second Edition



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## DEDICATION.

MOV'ST thou, perchance, in strange and  
starry spheres

Afar, beyond the impenetrable night  
That shrouds the tomb, smiling at the  
old fears

Of death, encircled by all-conquering  
light?

Or dost thou sleep where thy last bed  
was made,

Beneath the violets and the scented  
grass,

Careless alike of sunshine and of shade,  
Of morns that linger and of eves that  
pass?

Ah! who shall say? No eye can pierce  
the dark,

No strained ear tidings catch of weal or  
woe

Out of the silence; and no single spark  
Illumes that portal through which all  
must go.

Yet this we know : Death is a kind of  
birth,  
And brings one sacred immortality ;  
Thou livest in thy traces left on earth ;  
Thou livest in thy children's memory.

And one of these, binding the varied  
flowers,  
With tinted petals and with shining  
leaves,  
Fall'n on his path in sad and happy  
hours,  
As one might bind the ripened corn in  
sheaves,  
Dear blossoms of the heart and brain, —  
such sprays  
And blooms as wither not, but nod and  
wave  
Forever, — the completed garland lays  
With loving hands upon thy quiet grave.



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LOVE POEMS AND SON-  
NETS.





## WAITING.

I COUNT the days, —  
The lovely days, the weary days ;  
From east to west they softly go,  
Silent and slow.

Green is the earth  
With budding grass ; the wondrous birth  
Of spring and hope, wide as it spreads,  
New glory sheds.

The air is sweet.  
Here snowy petals strew the street ;  
Here lean against the garden-wall  
The lilacs tall.

The cuckoo cries,  
And in his frequent note there lies

The count of years where brain and  
nerve

Must toil and serve.<sup>1</sup>

But youth is strong,  
And unappalled it fronts the long  
Array of days — which must be fair  
If thou art there —

When I may learn  
My will to thine to bend and turn,  
To meet thy mood, and more and more  
Love and adore.

The world is dear  
And good ; I dare not shed a tear.  
I sing my songs of love and praise,  
And count the days.

DRESDEN, *May*, 1875.

<sup>1</sup> There is a German superstition that one who listens to the cuckoo will live as many years as he hears repetitions of the bird's cry.

## NATURE AND LOVE.

DAY after day I watch the fine  
    Dividing line,  
Scarcely discerned, 'twixt sea and sky ;  
    Beneath me lie  
Smooth shining sands, and overhead  
    Clear heavens outspread.

Day after day, through balmy hours,  
    I pluck the flowers  
From heavy-laden shrub and tree ;  
    The fleur-de-lis,  
Purple and tall, and blue-eyed grass  
    Bloom where I pass.

Often the wood-bird's clear note rings,  
    And insect wings  
Flit gay and glittering down the breeze ;  
    And gold-ringed bees  
Drink from a fragrant flower-cup  
    Its sweet draughts up.

18      *NATURE AND LOVE.*

Here 'mid the scented pines I dream,  
    Until I seem  
A monarch in an ancient time, —  
    A time sublime,  
When earth gave all men, frank and free,  
    What she gives me.

But often, when the restless waves  
    My light boat braves,  
A mariner destined to explore  
    An unknown shore  
Am I. All day beneath the sun,  
    My voyage begun,

I sing glad songs of conquering men,  
    Though silent when  
The moon her pale flame lights above,  
    And crowned with love.  
What in that word I half express,  
    Dost thou not guess?

A dearer hope than nature gives  
    Forever lives,  
Filling my soul. There floods my heart  
    A joy apart  
From seas or flowers or glowing noons,  
    Or suns or moons.

Through all the glory and the grace  
    I see thy face ;  
In the waves' whisper, soft and clear,  
    Thy voice I hear ;  
Thy smile through every hour doth fall,  
    And blesses all.

## HELEN.

WITHOUT the walls of Troy the Grecian  
host,  
Encamped, lay, spent and weary with the  
fight.  
Eve after eve they watched the golden  
light  
Of suns whose splendors seemed to  
mock them most  
When most they prayed ; for morn on  
morn they rose  
To suffer fresh defeats and bear new  
woes.

They could not curse, because she was  
so fair,  
The cause of all the ruin : but the bands  
Of heroes stretched to heaven beseech-  
ing hands,  
While, wrung from lips grown pallid  
with despair.



A cry arose throughout the camp's domain,  
Reëchoing far across the barren plain,  
Till all the midnight air  
One name did bear, —  
Helen ! Helen ! Helen !

Within the walls of Troy the fires blazed  
bright,  
And song and dance were gay, and wine  
flowed free,  
Where, flushed with joy and pride and  
victory,  
They held their revels far into the night,  
Nor paused to listen to the warning  
voice  
That bade them rather tremble than re-  
joice.

But lifting high their wine-cups crowned  
with flowers,  
“ O loveliest lady of the land of Greece,  
Whose bright eyes, bringing glory, lead  
to peace,  
We drink to thee through all the happy  
hours,”

They cried, and poured the crimson  
    juices out,  
Pledging her deep and long with shout  
    on shout,  
    Till all the midnight air  
        One name did bear, —  
        Helen ! Helen ! Helen !

Our hearts are battle-fields ; within them  
    rage  
The conflicts that despair and doubt and  
    pain  
With love and beauty and their count-  
    less train  
Of pleasures and of pomps forever wage.  
Now Sorrow spreads her pall and claims  
    the fight ;  
Now her pale hosts surrender to de-  
    light.

But whether, tossing on mad waves of  
    joy,  
I drink great draughts of rapture as of  
    wine,  
Or, sunk beneath a chill and bitter  
    brine,  
I lie the prey of every vile annoy,

One image rules each smile, controls  
each sigh,

And like the men of old to her I cry,  
Till all the midnight air

One name doth bear —

Helen ! Helen ! Helen !

## AN EVENING RIDE.

FROM GLASHÜTTE TO MÜGELN IN  
SAXONY.

WE ride and ride. High on the hills  
The fir-trees stretch into the sky ;  
The birches, which the deep calm stills  
Quiver again as we speed by.

Beside the road a shallow stream  
Goes leaping o'er its rocky bed :  
Here lie the corn-fields with a gleam  
Of daisies white and poppies red.

A faint star trembles in the west ;  
A fire-fly sparkles, fluttering bright  
Against the mountain's sombre breast ;  
And yonder shines a village light.

Oh ! could I creep into thine arms  
Beloved ! and upon thy face

Read the arrest of dire alarms  
That press me close ; from thy embrace

View the sweet earth as on we ride.  
Alas ! how vain our longings are !  
Already night is spreading wide  
Her sable wing, and thou art far.

## DEPARTURE.

THE hours go on.  
Up from the leaden-colored sea  
The autumn wind sweeps chillingly,  
And she is gone.

Like tears that drain  
The heart until its springs are dry,  
So drains the sources of the sky  
The falling rain.

The white ships sail  
Like ghosts towards some mysterious  
tryst  
Hastening ; and vanish in the mist,  
Silent and pale.

From clasping hands  
And clinging lips, from love and care  
Of dear ones left, they dear ones bear  
To unknown lands.



The circling shore  
Lies lonely ; the receding wave  
Moans like that whisper from the grave  
Heard evermore

By widowed hearts :  
“ Unfettered by the bonds of years,  
And deaf to prayers, untouched by tears,  
Each one departs.”

O Love ! O Grief !  
Your mingled notes I singing wake,  
With trust that song for her dear sake  
May bring relief.

## CUI BONO?

WHEREFORE the vigils and the tears,  
The flight of dreams when night appears,  
The short repose, the long unrest,  
The wearied throbbings of the breast,  
And utter impotence of will ;  
The shifting of the pillow till  
A dull beam strikes the window-pane  
And daylight struggles in again ?

Were it indeed for her dear sake —  
If she might slumber while I wake —  
If, for my tossings to and fro,  
Her limbs profounder rest might know —  
But sleep, because it shuns my eyes,  
On hers no whit the gentler lies ;  
And all the tears that I can shed  
Bring no new blessing to her bed.

O Love ! how overbold art thou.  
I am thy slave ; my heart I bow.

But one grace I demand of thee :  
Torture not unavailingly.  
Let mercy guide thee ; do not keep  
Chained in thy toils the swift-winged  
    Sleep.  
Give me, too ceaselessly oppressed,  
A little while a little rest.

## A DREAM OF DEATH.

HELENA.

Du hast mich beschworen aus dem Grab  
Durch deinen Zauberwillen,  
Belebtest mich mit Wollustgluth,  
Jetzt kannst du die Gluth nicht stillen.

Press deinen Mund auf meinen Mund,  
Der Menschen Odem ist göttlich,  
Ich trinke deine Seele aus,  
Die Todten sind unersättlich.

HEINE.

I died ; they wrapped me in a shroud,  
With hollow mourning, far too loud,  
And sighs that were but empty sound,  
And laid me low within the ground.  
I felt *her* tears through all the rest ;  
Past sheet and shroud they reached my  
breast ;

They warmed to life the frozen clay,  
And I began to smile and say :  
At last thou lov'st me, Helena !

I rose up in the dead of night ;  
I sought her window ; — 't was a-light.  
A pebble clattered 'gainst the pane, —  
“ Who's there ? the wind and falling  
rain ? ”

“ Ah ! no ; but one thy tears have led  
To leave his chill and narrow bed  
To warm himself before thy breath ;  
Who for thy sake has conquered death.  
Arise, and love me, Helena ! ”

She oped the door, she drew me in.  
Her mouth was pale, her cheek was  
thin ;  
Her eyes were dim ; its length unrolled,  
Fell loosely down her hair of gold.  
My presence wrought her grief's eclipse ;  
She pressed her lips upon my lips,  
She held me fast in her embrace,  
Her hands went wandering o'er my face :  
At last thou lov'dst me, Helena !

The days are dark, the days are cold,  
And heavy lies the churchyard mould.

32     *A DREAM OF DEATH.*

But ever, at the deep of night,  
Their faith the dead and living plight.  
Who would not die if certain bliss  
Could be foreknown ? and such as this  
No life — away ! the hour is nigh,  
With heart on fire she waits my cry :  
    Arise, and love me, Helena !

## THE BETTER PART.

BECAUSE in love, my love ! there are  
Two parts to choose, the near, the far,  
The humble moth, the glittering star ;

Since one is vassal, one is lord,  
One the adorer, one the adored,  
One speaks, and one obeys the word ;

Since one must watch and ever keep  
A faithful guard that one may sleep,  
Since one must sow, and one must reap ;

Since one must wear, and one adorn,  
One pluck the rose, and one the thorn,  
One know the night, and one the morn ;

Since one must give, and one must take,  
One yield his heart for one to break,  
Content e'en thus for love's dear sake ;

34      *THE BETTER PART.*

I, dearest, choose the better part ;  
I choose the sorrow and the smart,  
The full surrender of the heart.

I choose the better part to-day,  
Forever, which no fate can sway,  
And nought but death can take away.



## COMPENSATION.

SINCE Heaven has given to me to wear  
The crown of love august and fair,  
Is it not fit that I should bear  
Its cross as well, without despair ?

Since I may sow the precious seed,  
And cull its flowers to fill my need,  
Is it a fatal thing indeed  
If from their thorns my hands must  
bleed ?

Since I may drink the draught divine  
Down to the dregs, if sometimes brine  
Be mingled with the glowing wine,  
Shall I then murmur or repine ?

O thou ! who — whatsoe'er thou art,  
Thou great and universal heart !  
Thou soul of love ! since pain and smart  
Form of thy perfect whole a part,

My destined portion let me take,  
While at thy boundless streams I slake  
My thirst and gather strength to make  
A joy of sorrow for love's sake.

## GIFTS OF THE GODS.

THE gods bestow on men wisdom and  
art

To stir with noble counsel and brave  
deed

The flagging pulses of a fellow-heart,  
And minister to need.

To pierce the subtle secrets of the  
globe ;

To read the records of the lands and  
seas ;

And stars that seam the midnight's sa-  
ble robe —

Great Nature's mysteries.

And that all lore the breasts of all may  
reach,

And into new exalted regions lift,

They send the power of soul-compelling  
speech,

And song's diviner gift.

38      *GIFTS OF THE GODS.*

From me they veiled their higher knowl-  
edge, hid

The paths of light and calm that lie  
above

The common round — my feeble lisp-  
ings chid,

But taught me how to love.

## SHADOWS.

SHE leaned from out the mystic space  
Of Shadow-land. As on the wall  
The shapes the fire-light casts, her face  
Flickered and faded ; — that was all.

Like phantoms starting on the wold,  
When dusk defeats the clear-eyed day,  
Her form rose ; but when arms would  
hold  
And clasp, it vanished quite away.

Now we are shadows both. Above  
The grave of hoped-for, future bliss  
Two pale wraiths stand. O Sister !  
Love !  
Reach me thy lips. Can shadows  
kiss ?

## A ROSARY.

LIKE pearls that form a rosary,  
So lie in shining rows for me,  
Strung on a golden thread of Time,  
The precious hours I know with thee.

And, filled with love and praise of thee,  
As one who tells his rosary,  
I count upon the beads of Time  
The benisons thou bringest me.

Oh ! may such hours still dawn for me.  
So rich in love, so filled with thee,  
And glisten on the robe of Time  
A never-ending rosary.

## HELENA'S SONG.

BETWEEN the olives and the pines  
The vineyards slope to meet the shore.  
The sun in skies unsullied shines  
Till evening lends a charm the more.

The fragrant breath of orange-flowers  
Perfumes the sleepy summer air,  
And all the slow-revolving hours  
A garb of pomp and beauty wear.

What were it all, O Love ! my Love !  
But that with thee its joy I know ?  
Thou art my dazzling heaven above,  
And thou my fertile field below.

Thou art my wave-encircled land,  
And thou alone my central sea.  
My spirit leaps at thy demand  
To drown, to lose itself in thee.

## AMOR LEGGERO.

CHE son io per te ?  
Una rosa che il fiato  
Del caso ti soffia sul sentier,  
Destando nel cor tuo triste e scorag-  
giato  
Della sua primavera un breve pensier.  
Raccogli per poco l' umil fior,  
Ed egli si muor.

Che sei tu per me ?  
Un dolce e caldo raggio  
Che manda della vita il piu bel sol,  
A ranimar nel petto i cari dì del Maggio,  
Mentre il mondo intier del freddo si  
duol.  
Ma cade la notte e il mio cor  
S' agghiaccia allor.

Ebben, e sia così !  
Non pianger si picciol cosa.



Godiamo almen la fugace felicità.  
Godiamo il caldo del sol, il soave odor  
della rosa,  
Finchè la notte vien e il profumo sen  
va.  
Coprimi di baci mentre l'amor  
Vive ancor.

## BURNT SHIPS.

*See H. H.'s Sonnet, "Burnt Ships."*

UPON the hopeless desert of her love  
I landed, lured by glammers on her face.  
And, scarce on shore, — a desolate  
    strange place, —  
I said, — but surely some green cedar  
    grove  
Awaits me, proffering its cooling shade,  
And in its depths melodious fountains  
    spring.  
So tear the canvas from the masts and  
    bring  
Planks, beams, and spars until the pile  
    be laid.  
Then with my own mad hands I lit the  
    fire,  
And watched with fevered eyes the dark  
    mass burn,  
So blotting out the prospect of return.  
But daily cools the pulse of my desire,  
And bitter is the redness of her lips.  
Oh ! god of love, why did I burn my  
    ships ?

## OUTRE-MORT.

SUPPOSE the dreaded messenger of  
death

Should hasten steps that seem, though  
sure, so slow,

And soon should whisper with his chilly  
breath :

“ Arise ! thine hour has sounded, thou  
must go ;

For they that earliest taste life’s holiest  
feast

Must early fast, lest, grown too bold,  
they dare

Of them that follow after seize the  
share.”

Then, though my pulse’s beat forever  
ceased,

If where I slumbered thou shouldst  
chance to pass,

Though grave-bound, I thy presence  
should discern.

Heedless of coffin-lid and tangled grass,  
Upward to kiss thy feet my lips would  
    yearn ;  
And did one spark of love thy heart in-  
    flame,  
With the old rapture I should call thy  
    name.

## LIGHT-HOUSES.

WHEN pales the sunset flush along the  
sky,

When the sea's azure deepens into gray,  
The light-house lamps flash out across  
the bay,

Their cheerful beams proclaiming, —  
“ This way lie

Perils, and that way safety: ye who  
roam,

Searching for foreign shores, with cau-  
tion steer ;

And ye returning, lo ! the land is near,  
And yonder waits the harbor which is  
home.”

Such is thy part ; thou art my beacon-  
light

Standing the open passage to disclose,  
Against unsafe and treacherous ways to  
warn.

Nor ever did a dark and stormy night  
Obscure my path, but that bright flame  
    arose  
And shone with steadfast radiance till  
    the morn.

## LAURELS.

I WOULD cull laurels — not for pride or  
fame.

When grave shades fall on him that lieth  
low,

All honor shrivels to an empty name ;  
Alike are praise and blame, sunshine  
and snow.

But I would pluck the rarest flowers that  
spring  
From mortal effort, gems that deepest  
sleep

In human possibility, to fling  
Low at thy feet the gorgeous glittering  
heap,

That endless splendors might thy name  
surround ;

That men beholding thine imperial mien,  
And the rich jewels wherewith thou wert  
crowned,

Might cry with awed, rapt voice : “ Be-  
hold the queen ! ”

That thou, so greeted, might'st grow  
proud the while,  
And know love's work and bless me with  
a smile.



## JEWELS.

KINGS have a royal custom that I love.  
In common times bringing the priceless  
    gems  
That on high fête-days crown their dia-  
    dems,  
And of each stone setting the name  
    above,  
As, — This is such a pearl; such dia-  
    mond this ;  
They spread them where the general eye  
    may see  
And grow to brilliance in their brilliancy.  
I too have jewels, jewels of pure bliss,  
Brighter than pearls and diamonds, and  
    more rare, —  
Of song, speech, silence, presence, ab-  
    sence ; turn  
Which way you will their deathless  
    splendors burn ;

So by my mood men guess which one I  
wear,  
And in my gladness see the others shine,  
For I am faint with joy to know them  
mine.

## LIEBESBITTE.

IN years to come I ask thee not to say :  
“ I loved him once ; once I did hold him  
    dear : ”

Ah no ! long since I put that hope away,  
And buried it in smiles, without a tear.

But say : “ ’Mid all who worshipped at  
    my feet,

Exalting me, ’mid all who loved me best,  
As I remember now, I think there beat  
No heart more fondly in a single breast,  
No eyes that brightened quicker when I  
    came,

No hand that lay more longingly in mine,  
No voice that knew a tenderer tone to  
    name

My name than his whose love seemed  
    half divine.”

If this thou say, though I be dead the  
    while,

The words will reach me, I shall hear  
    and smile.

## MY QUEEN.

SHE has been queen too long whom I  
adore,  
Mistress of men and moulder of their  
will,  
For homage such as mine to reach the  
core  
Of her proud heart, or teach it one new  
thrill.  
Yet have I heard that royal rulers know  
Such greed for power, that, for some strip  
of land,  
Some province stored with vineyards, or  
where stand  
Long rows of waving corn and grain,  
they throw,  
Like rubbish, honor, wealth, and fame  
away,  
And, as 't were water, spill the blood of  
men.  
If this be so, perchance to increase thy  
sway

By one poor heart's extent thou 'rt fain.

Oh! then

Stretch out thy hand to me, and with a  
mien

Of graciousness look on me, oh! my  
queen.

“ONE WAY OF LOVE.”

To love thee, sweet, is as if one should  
    love  
A marble statue of perfected form,  
Which, on the spot that hot lips lie  
    above,  
A tiny spot, grows for an instant warm :  
The moment passed, straightway 't is  
    cold again,  
Returning to its first proud lifeless  
    grace ;  
Keeping no memory of the close em-  
    brace,  
Nor from the warm red lips one scarlet  
    stain.  
But what of that ? Why should I be  
    distressed  
Though thou art cold as stone ? Let me  
    be brave  
If but for once, and love for nothing  
    save

*"ONE WAY OF LOVE."* 57

For love's sake only ; for he loveth best  
And brightest does his flame of passion  
burn

Who giveth all things asking no return.

### MORTALIS.

IF thou shouldst die, Belovèd, — fatal  
thought  
That curdles all the blood along my  
veins,  
And as with foul and poisonous vapor  
stains  
The glad day's beauty, — though with  
anguish fraught  
Our parting, I would fain be near, that  
nought  
Might miss me of the swift and torturing  
pains  
Such loss would nourish, — for my soul  
disdains  
A peace of ignorance or oblivion bought.  
And, Love! I would not be the first  
to go,  
Lest thy dear eyes might drop a single  
tear,



Remembering one who worshipped them  
so well ;  
Or lest some sudden pang thy breast  
might know,  
When, half forgetting, thou shouldst  
chance to hear  
Some careless voice my name and story  
tell.

## THINE EYES.

IN other days, Belovèd, when the world  
Has stepped between us, and thou  
    seem'st to be  
Far off, — when half effaced my memory  
By mists of sweeter incense round thee  
    curled  
Than I can offer, — when, like dead  
    leaves whirled  
Before a storm, my glad dreams break  
    and flee  
Before relentless fate's reality —  
When youth and joy their golden wings  
    have furled —  
Even then, O Love ! I shall not quite  
    despair ;  
Even then, upon my weary heart and  
    sore  
A gentle after-sunset glow will rise  
And comfort me ; some moments will be  
    fair,

And looking back, I still shall smile once  
more,  
Remembering the old kindness of thine  
eyes.

## DEPENDENCE.

WHAT would life keep for me if thou  
shouldst go?

Belovèd, give me answer ; for my art  
Is pledged unto thy service, and my  
heart

Apart from thee nor joy nor grace doth  
know.

No arid desert, no wide waste of snow,  
Looks drearier to exiled ones who start  
On their forced journey than, shouldst  
thou depart,

This fair green earth to my dead hope  
would show.

And like a drowning man who struggling  
clings

With stiffened fingers to the rope that  
saves,

Thrown out to meet his deep need from  
the land,

So to thy thought I hold when sorrow's  
wings

*DEPENDENCE.* 63

Darken the sky, and 'mid the bitterest  
waves

Of fate am succored by thy friendly  
hand.

## SUBMISSION.

GOD forbid, dearest, that I should complain

However hard and heavy be the cross  
Thou bidst me carry ; since to me all  
loss

Incurred for thee turns straightway into  
gain,

And by the side of thine inflicted pain  
All pleasure won from others is as dross  
Beside pure gold. Like summer winds  
that toss

The branches of the trees whose trunks  
remain

Unmoved, so sweep the floods of circumstance,

Ruffling alone the current of my mood,  
While my soul's deep repose they cannot shake.

But at a word of thine, before thy glance,  
My spirit bows, knowing thy will is good,  
Eager to do or suffer for thy sake.

\*

## LOVE'S CALENDAR.

I TAKE no heed of month, or week, or  
day,  
Or of the times and seasons of the year.  
Springtime it is with me when she is  
near,  
And winter when the clouds of absence  
stray  
Across my heaven, holding its sun at  
bay.  
The morning dawns when her dear eyes  
appear,  
And night shuts down upon me, blank  
and drear,  
When those consoling orbs are taken  
away.  
As earth is gladdened when the snows  
depart,  
When woods and meadows are no longer  
bare,  
But tender blossoms nestle in the grass,

66      *LOVE'S CALENDAR.*

So, when my Love approaches, to my  
heart

Her balmy breath brings floods of sum-  
mer air,

And fresh flowers spring where'er her  
footsteps pass.



## ISLANDS.

"Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas." — BROWNING.

BEYOND the sea-coast, where the level  
    sea  
Stretches its shining length, some isle  
    must rest,  
Cradled upon the ocean's bounteous  
    breast,  
Where men might live untrammelled,  
    glad, and free.  
Out of life's babbling current there must  
    be  
Some unsuspected isle, Love's dear be-  
    quest  
To those who follow him, where, safe  
    and blest,  
Oh! my belovèd, I might dwell with  
    thee.  
But ships are not found strong enough  
    to bear

Adventurers over every ocean's foam ;  
Not all my thought, not all my love and  
    care,  
Can build the bark in which we two  
    might roam ;  
So still my voice assails the unheeding  
    air  
With vain lamentings for that island  
    home.

## SNOW-DROPS.

ALREADY once I've brought you snow-  
drops, dear,  
From an old garden whose forgotten  
grace  
Seemed to revive again a little space  
To do you honor. Though March winds  
blow drear  
And chill, yet, with sweet sense that  
spring is near,  
These brave and hardy buds the snow  
displace ;  
Showing, each one, a white and shining  
face, —  
The earliest flowers of the awakening  
year.  
So, like the snow-drops, once for me  
there grew,  
Amid the snows of life, pure blossoms,  
when

Your smile first rested on me, and I  
knew

My springtime was at hand. To-day,  
again,

The flowers of spring and love I bring  
to you,

With heart unchanged and faithful now  
as then.

## LOVE'S ABODE.

UP the white steps that lead to Love's  
abode

I hastened, tarrying by the golden gate.  
"Ruler of gods and men," I cried, "I  
wait

To pay my homage here where most 't is  
owed!"

Then the bright gate swung open, and  
bestowed

An entrance, and Love's servants in  
sweet state

Came out to meet and welcome me.  
Elate

And proud, I followed where the way  
they showed:

They led me to the temple door, whence  
gleam

Soft lights, whence sweet scents float  
upon the air.

“Here wait our master’s voice,” they  
said, and then —

They left me. When shall I be called,  
oh when,

Into the inner sanctuary, where,  
Amid his chosen ones, Love reigns  
supreme ?

## STORM AND CALM.

WHILE LISTENING TO A ST. SAËNS CON-  
CERTO.

THE waves of love will dash me on a  
shore

Trackless and waste, whence there is no  
return.

My mast is split, my rudder gone ;  
they burn

Like glowing coals, — these icy waves  
that pour

Across my shattered deck ; the mad  
winds tore

Long since my sails in shreds. The  
black heavens yearn

To clasp the deep ; no star can I dis-  
cern

That might direct me till the storm were  
o'er.

So rose the cry of one in agony,

74      *STORM AND CALM.*

Tossed on wide floods of passion, doubt,  
and dread.

Then, as a clear morn smiles upon the  
sea,

When a wild night has spread its wings  
and fled,

So thy sweet eyes arose and shone on  
me,

And peace and calm upon my soul were  
shed.



## SERVING.

THAT thou 'rt not yet all mine why  
should I care ?

Why grieve because the draught is scant  
and thin

Which thy love offers for my tasting in  
Its fragile cup, at moments short and  
rare ?

Fool should I be thus early to despair !  
The labors of my love but now begin.  
Twice seven long years did Jacob serve  
to win

Rachel, and dwelt with her long days  
and fair ;

So I will serve for thee ; from land to  
land

Gleaning and gathering, until twice seven  
years,

And more, if need be, on their path shall  
roll ;

With fond assurance that we two shall  
stand  
At last, together, 'mid the blessèd  
spheres  
Of love's domain, united soul to soul.

## THE BURDEN OF LOVE.

I BEAR an unseen burden constantly ;  
Waking or sleeping I can never thrust  
The load aside ; through summer's heat  
and dust

And winter's snows it still abides with  
me.

I cannot let it fall though I should be  
Never so weary ; carry it I must.  
Nor can the bands that bind it on me  
rust

Or break, nor ever shall I be set free.  
Sometimes 't is heavy as the weight that  
bore

Atlas on giant shoulders ; sometimes  
light

As the frail message of the carrier dove ;  
But, light or heavy, shifting never more.  
What is it thus oppressing, day and  
night ?

The burden, dearest, of a mighty love.

## A SIMILE.

AT sea, far parted from the happy shore,  
The solitary rock lies all unmoved  
By the caressing waves, though unre-  
proved  
Their constant kisses on its breast they  
pour.  
So it stands witnessed by all human  
lore,  
Where'er the wanton god of love has  
roved,  
His shafts fell never equal ; one be-  
loved,  
One lover, there must be for evermore.  
Dear, if thou wilt, be thou that rock at  
sea,  
But let me be the waves that never leave  
Their yearning towards it through the  
ocean space ;  
And be thou the belovèd, but let me  
Be the fond lover destined to receive  
And hold thee in love's infinite embrace.

## BLOSSOMS OF LOVE.

*Suggested by Dante Rossetti's Sonnet, "Passion  
and Worship."*

THE blossoms of my love are many-hued  
And manifold : some glow like tongues  
    of fire  
With the hot dyes of passionate desire ;  
And some are white as snow, and heavy-  
    dewed  
With fallen tears ; with modesty im-  
    bued,  
Some bow their heads ; some, purple-  
    robed, aspire  
To flaunt before the world their proud  
    attire ;  
Some, soberer tinted, blush in solitude.  
And all these varied blooms I watch and  
    tend  
And guard with constant care, untir-  
    ingly,  
That they new grace and beauty may  
    possess ;

And many a busy day and night I spend  
In weaving of their wealth a crown for  
thee.

Belovèd, wilt thou wear it?    Answer  
yes.

## DEPRECATION.

ESTRELLA TO ALFONSO.

A PALLID nun behind the iron bars  
Of fate, I sit and watch the roses blow  
That are for others with wan smiles ;  
and so

I hear thy song sweep past me to the  
stars.

Like haughty conquerors in triumphal  
cars,

Thy mad hopes ride within thy breast,  
and go

Dauntlessly into realms I do not know,  
And my pale peace thy passion breaks  
and mars.

O friend ! cease, therefore, thy wild min-  
strelsy ;

No chord responsive vibrates in my  
breast,

And its dead ashes stir not at thy call.  
Then, for thy love's sake, since thou  
    lovest me,  
Silence the voice I may not answer, lest,  
Striving to flee from it, I faint and fall.



## NEPENTHE.

UNTO Telemachus, who, journeying,  
sought

At Menelaus' court tidings to hear  
Of great Odysseus, tarrying year on  
year,

The fair-armed Helen sweet refreshment  
brought, —

Nepenthe, Eastern juice. Such charm  
it wrought

That whoso tasted it could shed no tear  
A whole day long : though all he held  
most dear

Were struck with death, he knew and  
suffered naught.

So thou, a later Helen, bringest me  
A draught wherein oblivion and repose  
In cunning portions are together blent.  
I drink : my tears are dry, my soul can  
see

No ill, and even sorrow's memory grows  
Forgotten in a nameless, deep content.

ΣΥ ΣΩΤΗΡ.

A WISE and famous nation held belief,  
Whoever in prosperity o'ergrew  
The bounds of temperate good, him  
would pursue  
The ever-jealous gods with loss and  
grief.  
Sometimes so golden is my harvest's  
sheaf,  
My way so flowery and my heaven so  
blue,  
I tremble lest, perchance, the immortals  
brew  
A storm to prove my fortune's sudden  
thief.  
But thou art my preserver even here,  
And earn'st me mercy from the envious  
skies ;  
Since, lacking thee, I lack the one thing  
dear,

Which only were life's first and fairest  
prize ;  
For other joys are barren all and drear,  
Beside that one which a stern fate de-  
nies.

IN A LETTER.

THERE came a breath out of a distant  
time,  
An odor from neglected gardens where  
Unnumbered roses once perfumed the  
air  
Through summer days, in childhood's  
happy clime.  
There came the salt scent of the sea, the  
chime  
Of waves against the beaches or the  
bare,  
Gaunt rocks; as to the mind, half una-  
ware,  
Recur the words of some familiar rhyme.  
And as above the gardens and the sea  
The moon arises, and her silver light  
Touches the landscape with a deeper  
grace,

So o'er the misty wraiths of memory,  
Turning them into pictures clear and  
    bright,  
Rose in a halo the belovèd face.

## TITLES.

BORN sovereigns have no names but  
those bestowed  
In baptism; Constance, Philip, — so each  
age  
Knows them, and deals of praise or  
blame their wage,  
As harvests of good fame or ill they  
sowed.  
So with the mighty, o'er whose cradle  
glowed  
The star of genius; with that heritage  
Dante and Raphael shine on history's  
page  
Simple as when they walked our com-  
mon road.  
Like thy great namesake, in whose cause  
the plain  
Of Troy was strewn with corpses, while  
above

Olympus heard the wrathful gods contend,

So, 'mid the homage of respect and love  
Laid at thy feet by lover and by friend,  
Helen thou art, and Helen must remain.

## AFTER ABSENCE.

AFTER long years of absence had gone  
by,  
He stood again upon the parent shore  
Of stern New England; but his heart  
was sore,  
And his dulled bosom rent with many a  
sigh.  
He mourned the vanished gods, the ra-  
diant sky  
Of the dear land of love and song and  
lore;  
He mourned the sweet companionships  
of yore,  
That on his path like scattered pearls  
did lie.  
But when she passed, as in the former  
days,  
With the old halo on her golden hair,  
With the old kindness and enchanting  
ways,



'T was as if some swift wind had cleared  
the air ;  
Before her smile he stood transfixed  
there ;  
He had forgotten that she was so fair.

## BONDAGE.

“AND this is freedom !” cried the serf ;

“At last

I tread free soil, the free air blows on  
me ;”

And, wild to learn the sweets of liberty,  
With eager hope his bosom bounded  
fast.

But not for naught had the long years  
amassed

Habit of slavery ; among the free  
He still was servile, and, disheartened,  
he

Crept back to the old bondage of the  
past.

Long did I bear a hard and heavy chain  
Wreathèd with amaranth and asphodel,  
But through the flower-breaths stole the  
weary pain.

I cast it off and fled, but 't was in vain ;  
For when once more I passed by where  
it fell,

I took it up and bound it on again.

## WITCH-HAZEL.

'T is said that 'mid the sylvan shrubs  
that grow

One has a wizard power above the rest ;  
Held o'er the soil it points its leafy  
crest

To where the hidden sources sleep be-  
low.

How must the gentle earth rejoice when  
flow

The pent-up streams and ease the aching  
breast,

Grown sore with guarding them ! And  
ah, how blest

Those springs to men who need of water  
know !

Belovèd, at thy touch the entire bliss  
Of being floods me ; in my heart straight-  
way

Songs rise and gush and murmur with-  
out end.

And, dear, who knows but that, per-  
chance, some day,  
Some one may be a little glad for this  
That thou hast wrought, and bless thee  
through thy friend ?

## CALM.

*See H. H.'s Sonnet, "The Zone of Calms."*

HERE let us rest within "the zone of  
calms,"  
Found now at last, whose delicate mys-  
teries  
Escaped us on the old tempestuous  
seas,  
Though *their* best gifts this charmèd  
space embalms.  
Here are soft shadows as of darkling  
palms,  
Whose branches faintly rustle in the  
breeze  
Of summer morns, and gentle melodies  
As of hushed voices chanting low sweet  
psalms.  
The tyrant Time, plying his ceaseless  
oar,  
Will bear us farther all too soon, we  
know,—  
Eastward and westward, parted as be-  
fore.

But while we linger yet, each opposite  
shore

Still indistinct, take speech, O Love,  
once more,

And bless the rapturous stillness ere we  
go !

## SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.

WE heard the symphony wherein the  
brain

Of the mad poet fancies his love to be  
A sweet, ever-recurring melody,  
Piquing to pleasure, ministering to pain.  
Now ball-rooms echo it, now wood and  
plain

Take up the burden ; joyous now and  
free

It sounds, now sad and fraught with  
mystery :

All life is interwoven with that strain.

Thou art the melody of all my days,

I but an accidental note in thine,

Its value unobserved by alien ears.

Remove it, still thy music is as fine ;

But take thee from me, and the void dis-  
plays

Discord and inharmonious fall of tears.

IDEM NON ALITER.

SAY not the charm is broken ; that the old  
Rapture has faded to a cool content ;  
That flowers so sweet at morn *must* lose  
                  their scent,  
When toward life's noon experience shall  
                  have rolled.  
Nor whisper that the tale so often told  
Fails in some measure of its blandish-  
                  ment ;  
Nor that the chord jangles wherein were  
                  blent  
All harmonies that music's voices hold.  
Ah, dear, a shining isle forever lies  
Beyond the track of ships, in the still sea,  
Where chains are hid in wooing, soft  
                  disguise.  
More blest than freedom seems captiv-  
                  ity ;  
For the old Circe looks from out thine  
                  eyes,  
And thy Odysseus does not wish to flee.



## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

### I.

GUARDED by walls of roses set with  
    thorns,  
Within her palace-room the princess  
    slept,  
Nor heard how through the wood the  
    loud chase swept,  
With bay of hounds and note of hunt-  
    ing-horns.  
Into some dream of summer eves and  
    morns  
Perchance a sudden thrill prophetic  
    crept,  
As to her side one eager hunter leapt,  
Made strong by love that bans and bar-  
    riers scorns.  
Before his tread,—as at some sharp  
    blade's stroke  
A flower might fall,—the deep enchant-  
    ment broke.

100 *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.*

He pressed his lips to hers in love's long  
kiss ;  
And as her name in rapturous tone he  
spoke,  
With happy, smiling eyes the princess  
woke  
To meet the new and unsuspected bliss.

II.

Once more in slumbering state a princess  
lay,  
While in the shadow of her palace-walls  
Unheeded died the glad and pleading  
calls  
Of love and joy the outer world that  
sway.  
But when towards evening sped her  
peaceful day,  
Despite a charm that soul and sense en-  
thralls,  
Into the stillness of her perfumed halls,  
On fire with love, I made my venturous  
way.  
Lo ! I have waked her with my ardent  
lips ;

*THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.* 101

Have seen the warm blood mantle in her  
cheek

That surged impetuous round my own  
heart's core.

Yet once again she sank in sleep's  
eclipse.

Oh, be more powerful now the word I  
speak,

The touch I give ! Sweet princess, sleep  
no more !

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP sat smiling on a flowery  
height,  
Watching the blooming groves, the  
meadows green,  
The peaceful stream that flowed the  
fields between.  
“How rich my realm,” she breathed,  
“how glad, how bright!”  
But on a sudden fell a purple light,  
Deepening the tranquil beauty of the  
scene,  
Tingeing with amethyst hue the river’s  
sheen,  
As Love drew near in majesty and  
might.  
“This is my kingdom, sister!” quick  
he cried.  
“My paths are not all stormy; there  
is calm

*FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.* 103

Upon my mountains, and clear skies  
above.

This radiant land thou viewest bears *my*  
balm,

Profounder far than thine." Then  
Friendship sighed,

But rose, and yielded up her seat to  
Love.

## THE TROUBADOUR.

THOU Troubadour, roaming from land  
to land,  
Singing, indeed, we grant, one endless  
theme, —  
Thy lady's praise, — and striving to re-  
deem  
The pledges laid on thee by Love's com-  
mand,  
We are the truer lovers, we who stand  
Beside our mistress, though no silver  
stream  
Of song escape our lips. Thou art the  
dream,  
We the realities her eyes have scanned.  
“Know ye,” he answered, “how those  
lilies grow  
That on the lake's breast seem to float  
apart  
And free, though fastened firm their  
roots below?

Thus do I seem before the wind and  
tide

Of chance and change to sway from  
side to side ;

But still my heart is anchored to her  
heart."

### “THE GREEK YOUTH.”

“HE goes,” she said: “there, at the  
opening door,  
I see a shimmer as of snowy wings ;  
'Tis his white robe that as he passes  
flings  
Its shining undulation o'er the floor.”  
But while she spoke, his fond arms as  
before  
Held her, his kiss burned on her lips ;  
as sings  
Some woodland bird, his voice's mur-  
muring  
Thrilled with the joyous weight of love  
he bore.  
'T was but the moonlight of thine own  
sad eyes  
That cast my shadow ; in thy silver  
sphere,  
Half dusk, half light, ghosts start at any  
breath.



"*THE GREEK YOUTH.*" 107

I bring the sunshine ; in it no surprise  
Can come, no shade can walk. Lo! I  
    am here,  
Belovèd, and shall be here unto death.

## WANDERLEBEN.

HE has no home, he owns no father-  
land;  
His country is the hospitable earth.  
He shapes his course where, past the  
fields of dearth,  
The planet's greenest groves of plenty  
stand ;  
But howsoever golden be the strand  
He treadeth, clearer than the sound of  
mirth  
And laughter steals the voice that still  
gives birth  
To his best joy, more potent than com-  
mand.  
Again and once again his ship he steers  
Into one harbor, hastening to the saint  
Before whose shrine his constant offer-  
ing glows.  
He heaps his treasure, won with blood  
and tears,

There at her feet ; praying, without com-  
plaint,  
Leave but to worship as he comes and  
goes.

## HER ROSES.

AGAINST her mouth she pressed the  
    rose, and there,  
'Neath the caress of lips as soft and red  
As its own petals, quick the bright bud  
    spread  
And oped, and flung its fragrance on the  
    air.  
It ne'er again a bud's young grace can  
    wear?  
O love, regret it not! It gladly shed  
Its soul for thee, and though thou kiss  
    it dead  
It does not murmur at a fate so fair.  
Thus, once, thou breath'dst on me, till  
    every germ  
Of love and song broke into rapturous  
    flower,  
And sent a challenge upwards to the  
    sky.

What if too swift fruition set a term  
Too brief to all things? I have lived  
    my hour,  
And die contented, since for thee I die.

## AT THE CONVENT.

I CANNOT pass beyond the jealous gate  
And the high walls that, rising stern and  
grim,

Shut you, like sullen guards, within the  
dim

Mysterious space no man may penetrate.  
But I can guess how the gray nuns  
chide: "Late

Thou comest, sister; still thy lamp's to  
trim.

Thy clear voice failed us in the evening  
hymn

Wherewith the grace of Heaven we sup-  
plicate."

Dear, as some paltry coin a lady might  
Fling to appease a beggar, ere you go  
Into your quiet cell and all is night,  
Tarry a moment at the casement; throw  
The guerdon of your smile, his way to  
light,

On your poor errant minstrel down be-  
low.

## FAUST AND HELENA.

### I.

WHEN all that life contains of rich and  
good,  
Being his own, had failed to bring content  
To Faust, there rose the form wherein  
were blent  
All graces of all beauty's sisterhood :  
Victorious Helen, young as when first  
wooed  
By Theseus ; lovely as when heroes bent  
Their steps to death, and seas of blood  
were spent,  
To win her, fairest of the heavenly  
brood.  
But from his longing arms, that thus at  
last  
Embraced the shade of beauty and were  
blest,

114 *FAUST AND HELENA.*

She fled to pale Persephone's domain.  
Oh, risen again, sweet spirit! let the  
past  
Yield to the present; here upon my  
breast  
Forget the courts that wait for thee in  
vain.

II.

As unto Faust, when all life holds had  
failed  
To bring content, the Beauteous One  
returned,  
Summoned from Hades, at whose sight  
gods burned,  
And goddesses with sudden envy paled,  
So, when the banquet of this world re-  
galed  
My spirit poorly, all for which it yearned  
Rose in thy presence, and my eyes dis-  
cerned  
In thine the whole of loveliness un-  
veiled.  
But from his clasping arms the vision  
fled  
Back to the silent realms, and once more  
left



*FAUST AND HELENA.* 115

Him lone, unsatisfied, and desolate.  
Sweet, vanish never, lest my heart,  
    bereft,  
Consume itself with longing for its dead  
Delight, and to despair be consecrate.

## TWO FIGURES.

ONE, like a creature born of brighter  
spheres  
Than these we know, a child of joy and  
light,  
Brought gladness, beauty, and love's  
blessèd might,  
Worship and praise and reverence shorn  
of fears.  
And one, receiving all that most endears  
Soul unto soul, and maketh sweet the  
sight  
Of him that gives, the offering to re-  
quite,  
Placed in the other's hand an urn of  
tears.  
Love veiled his brows, and would have  
fled; but lo!  
There came a whisper from the giver's  
breast

That stayed his fluttering wings and held  
him back :

“ Upon my head these gathered tears  
bestow

A great and softening grace it else would  
lack, —

The crown of sorrow. Dear, thy gift is  
best.”

## SERVICE.

SHOW me some way in which my soul  
may serve  
Thy soul, its nourisher ; teach me to  
say  
Some word to ease thy heart with, or to  
lay  
Soothing upon a sore and startled nerve ;  
Let me aspire to lend some gracious  
curve  
To the straight lines dividing day from  
day ;  
Help me to hold the errant feet that  
stray  
In paths of constancy that never swerve.  
Sometimes I fail to reach thee, the  
ascent  
Being so steep to where thou dwell'st ;  
in vain  
My hands are rich with gifts thou canst  
not take.

But could I see my life blood, for thy  
sake,  
To profit thee, flow in a crimson stain,  
Dear, I believe that I could die content.

## COMMUNION.

ONE cannot draw the bars against the  
friends

And guests that crowd for entrance at  
his gate ;

He opes, inviting, nor the simple state  
Of his abode against their train defends.  
But there are chambers where the lover  
tends

His sacred fires ; where no feet pene-  
trate,

Save of immortals ; where, early and  
late,

The breath of prayer and sacrifice as-  
cends.

In such a spot as this, as in the shrine  
Of some white temple, in a dusk made  
sweet

With incense, far from outer noise and  
heat,

And hollow haste of them that part and  
    meet,  
Surrounded by dim presences divine,  
My soul communes eternally with thine.





MISCELLANEOUS.



## IMPATIENCE.

I SEE the ships go sailing, sailing ;  
My feet are fettered to the shore.  
Their prows with many a voyage are  
hoar.

See ! on the far horizon paling,  
They sink and are no more.

I see the birds go flying, flying ;  
In swaying line and whirling ring,  
'Twixt blue and blue, their way they  
wing ;

But the swift flocks, through ether ply-  
ing,  
To me no message bring.

I see the moon go riding, riding,  
Through heavenly paths, on golden  
wheels ;

Her passing kiss the ocean feels,  
But, in his bosom swiftly hiding  
His joy, no word reveals.

O golden moon, and snowy pinions  
Of birds that fly and ships that mate  
Their speed with birds, in royal state  
Sweep proudly through your wide do-  
minions !  
And I, — I only wait.

## IM FREIEN.

ICH gehe immer und schweige :  
Dort oben ein Vöglein singt ;  
Und durch die Fichtenzweige  
Die freundliche Sonne dringt.

Die Blumen blühn auf den Wiesen,  
Die Lüfte wandelnd gehn ;  
Weit in der Ferne, wie Riesen,  
Die hohen Gebirge stehn.

Die lieblichen Schatten liegen  
Auf der Erde kühler Brust ;  
Die weissen Wolken fliegen  
Im Himmel und tanzen vor Lust.

Oh ! schöne, theure Erde,  
Du ziehst mich an dein Herz  
Mit lockender Geberde ;  
Verschwunden ist jeder Schmerz.

Verschwunden sind Wehen und Leiden,  
Vergessen Eile und Hast;  
Es wecken nur Wonne und Freuden;  
Es bleiben nur Ruhe und Rast.

## PROPITIATION.

A FRESH wind blows against the land ;  
The crested waves toss to and fro ;  
The swelling waves and shining sand  
Glitter like rifts of frozen snow.

The breath of morn lies soft and dim  
Upon the sea ; the tender trace  
Of pink along the horizon's rim  
Her lips left in the azure space.

So on the threshold of the morn,  
Before the unclosing door I wait ;  
Will hope expire ? Will joy be born ?  
How stands it in the book of fate ?

O august sisters, sisters three,  
Who hold the distaff, spin the thread,  
And weave all human destiny  
Into a pattern bright or dread,

I ask no boon of you ; desire  
And fear ye know ; I only bring  
In words that morning hours inspire  
Propitiatory offering.

And though no altars rise apart  
Where men your awful praise rehearse,  
I build an altar in my heart,  
And on it lay my pleading verse.



## MUSA LOQUITUR.

CHILD ! thine aspiring sense divines,  
Doubtless, the voice that speaks to  
thee.

Arise ! across yon tossing sea  
A path of light and glory shines.

It leads unto the fields of art,  
Whose golden harvests thou may'st  
reap,  
And 'mid thy garnered treasures keep,  
If humble and devout of heart.

Go, dwell with gods and heroes ; learn  
The lessons mighty marbles teach,  
And of the laurel-crowned their  
speech  
That through the centuries doth burn.

Then lowly kneel at Nature's feet,  
And from her beating bosom draw  
Wisdom, without whose perfect law  
The best of art were incomplete.

Listen, in climes of warmth and light,  
To the sweet-throated nightingales.  
Watch, till the morn's embrace pre-  
vails,  
The starry splendors of the night.

On shores where placid waters roll,  
Invite the breezes of the South,  
Till their fleet kisses pass thy mouth  
And penetrate thine inmost soul.

Then, when thy voice grows full and  
strong,  
When all within, without, is fair,  
Pierce with thy call the expectant air,  
And wake thy lyre to Lesbian song.

## WAKING.

I WOKE once more.

The spherèd ocean-spaces lay,  
Empty and vast, behind, before,

Where we must blindly trace our way  
From unknown shore to unknown shore.

The moon's cold gleam

Was faint with morn ; the stars had  
paled ;

But chanting one incessant theme

Of loss and sorrow, they bewailed  
The fading of my happy dream.

O bitter sea,

They cried, whereon he floats alone  
And joyless, now his dream and he

Have parted, whose divine light shone  
Cresting the waves of memory !

O envious fate,  
Whose ruthless hand the vision tore,  
And robbed his bosom of the freight  
So dear, so matchless, that it bore,  
And left it bare and desolate !

So swelled the song  
From star to star ; and like a stain  
Upon the morning, rolled along  
The sea the echo of the strain,  
Ceaseless regret for grief and wrong.

But then my heart  
That strove for courage, and would  
hide,  
If that might be, in smiles its smart,  
With words half true, half false, re-  
plied :  
Of man's great load each lifts his part.

And why despair ?  
Surely these morning clouds shall  
change  
To evening clouds, and they will bear  
Fresh dreams along their fleecy range,  
And with new landscapes paint the air,

Until the last

Deep sleep, when over all the woes  
Of love and life the earth is cast,

And, stilled in absolute repose,  
Dreaming and waking both are past.

## THE ROSE AND THE STATUE.

THE Rose said to the Statue : Thou art  
cold  
And passionless, though beautiful  
and grand.  
I all my life exhale, while thou dost  
stand  
Unmoved, unmindful of the sweets I  
hold.

The Statue answered to the Rose : Thou  
poor,  
Frail creature, toy and wanton of a  
day,  
I scarce can stoop to note thy swift  
decay ;  
Lo ! thou art fading *now*, but *I* endure.

Thus each reproached the other : neither  
thought  
What various means lead to an end  
the same ;

*THE ROSE AND THE STATUE.* 137

How manifold is beauty, and what  
claim  
To the world's gratitude the other  
brought.

O Statue ! shine in majesty, replete  
With high suggestions of eternal  
things.

O Rose ! yield up thy breath and die ;  
the wings  
Of love receive it, for thy breath is  
sweet.

One must be cold and suffer, — 't is  
earth's blight ;

One must be warm and suffer. Thus  
the poles

Touch in a law unchanging ; but the  
souls

Of Statue and of Rose can ne'er unite.

## WONDERS.

TO E. B.

It is a wonder when the day  
Breaks from the portals of the night,  
And with her joyous smile and bright,  
Crowns the high hills where darkness  
lay,  
And floods the outstretching plains  
with light.

A wonder when the bud perceives  
How tight its petals press, and grows  
Impatient of control, and throws,  
Nourished by dews of morns and eves,  
Wide in the air the perfect rose.

Or when the gilded butterfly  
Wakes from the sleep in which were  
furled  
The joyous wings about him curled ;



And breaks the shell, and, floating high,  
Goes on his glad way through the  
world.

But greater marvels even than these  
Are such as harbor in the soul,  
Like words within some fast-sealed  
scroll,  
Concealing close what mysteries !  
Till strikes the hour, and they unroll ;

When eyes once cold, that looked  
askance,  
Kindle at ours, and send a ray  
Of warmth and cheer along our way,  
And with their deep and tender glance  
Herald the dawn of love's new day ;

When lips we never thought to taste  
Thrill 'neath our own ; when fond  
arms reach  
About us ; when quick heart-beats  
teach  
How burns the breast we hold em-  
braced, —  
Love's signs more eloquent than  
speech.

When these things are, should we not  
lift

The heart to Heaven with thankful  
prayer

That, working wonders everywhere,  
It wrought for us this gracious gift,  
Than which no other is more fair?

Dear, while I whisper, bend thy cheek  
A little nearer ; where my strong  
Deep praise and sweet new joy belong  
Thou know'st ; the sense of what I speak,  
The happy secret of my song.

IN MEMORIAM.

B. H. C.

AT SORRENTO.

I.

THE Summer strews with lavish hand  
Her gems upon this Southern shore ;  
With gold and emeralds glows the land,  
And sapphires form the ocean's floor.

The sun a glittering ruby gleams ;  
Each star a topaz ; while the mist  
That o'er the mountain summits streams  
Is set with many an amethyst.

Unto the evening's gates of pearl  
There leads an opal-pavèd way,  
And pearly are the clouds that curl  
About the bosom of the day.

But oft upon the radiant scene  
Thy image, O my friend, appears,  
And all the jewels that have been  
Are changed to diamonds in my tears.

## II.

With flowers and lights the altars  
blazed;  
The white-robed priests, with crosses  
raised  
And banners fluttering, onward came  
'Mid many a candle's flickering flame.  
The gentle dusk its mantle wrapped  
About the landscape ; quiet lapped  
The land, until the pious throng  
Uplifted a thanksgiving song.

Then, held on high, that over all  
With equal light its rays might fall,  
And equal grace to all afford,  
Was borne the Body of the Lord.  
And, at its sight, upon their knees  
The people fell as when a breeze  
Sweeps o'er the summer earth at morn,  
Bowing a field of uncut corn.

Why should thy spirit seem to shine  
Here, where a creed so unlike thine  
Lavished the treasures of its art,  
And through the senses touched the  
heart?

I know not; but as with the rest  
I knelt, thy memory dear and blest,  
A living presence seemed to be,  
And sacred grew the hour to me.

## FROM NAPLES TO ROME.

THE sun set ; the wide Campagna  
    Stretched about us like a sea,  
Miles on miles of billowy distance ;  
    Scarce a limit seemed to be  
    To the great immensity,

Till upon the far horizon,  
    Through the mist the hills rose  
        higher,  
And upon three tallest summits,  
    Shooting, like a golden spire,  
    Heavenwards, blazed a beacon fire.

And we knew that in the evening  
    Stillness, where the eternal dome  
Rises over tower and palace,  
    Lay our long-desired home,—  
    Lay the great enchantress, Rome.

Watch-fires kindled by the ages,  
Where the passing moments pour  
All the present's shifting fuel  
On the accumulated store  
Till the pile glows more and more,

To the grand and wondrous precincts  
Of her hoary walls invite.  
And, with longing for the morning  
To reveal them to our sight,  
Grateful hearts thanked God that  
night.

## GIARDINO GIUSTI.

CLAD in a garb of centuries,  
Like solemn warders of the past,  
Above its secret hoards amassed,  
Stand the funereal cypress-trees.

And each to each they nod and wave,  
And whisper how the king of kings  
Is death, and how all human things  
Bloom but to wither in the grave.

But, down below, the city lies,  
Near where the shining river runs  
Within whose breast a thousand suns  
Are mirrored from the cloudless skies.

And crowded market-place and square  
And street with fluttering flags are  
gay,  
And all the glad life of to-day  
Pulses and surges everywhere.



For 'neath the Past's almighty shade  
The careless Present keeps its cheer;  
And though the end is sure and near,  
Yet we press onward undismayed.

VERONA, *December*, 1878.

## FOUNTAINS IN ROME.

BEFORE St. Peter's, like the wreaths  
Of spotless snow that o'er the bare  
Sad earth the pitying winter breathes,  
The proud jets flash into the air.  
But where the water breaks and falls  
And meets the sun, with every gem  
It glows wherewith shall deck her walls  
One day the new Jerusalem.

While here, beside a mighty pile  
Where spoils of splendid ages gleam,  
The Triton, with an endless smile,  
Uplifts to heaven his slender stream.  
And there Bernini's grotesque taste  
With nymphs and gods the square  
adorns ;  
And giant groups in circle placed  
Fill the wide basins from their horns.

Here Trevi, whose enchanted pool,  
When hearts with parting anguish  
burn,

Will yield in draughts divinely cool  
Consoling promise of return ;  
Where come the doves to bathe and  
drink,  
And seek for shade amid the glare  
Of noon, beneath the fountain's brink,  
Or 'mid the mermen's clustering hair.

But these, the body's thirst that slake,  
That pour in many a loved retreat  
Their fresh and limpid floods, and make  
The beauty of the Roman street,  
Seem but the images of those  
Deep sources 'mid the city's span  
That in their hoary breasts enclose  
The wondrous history of man.

Rome ! of these fountains of thy lore  
Let my soul drink. Not all in vain  
Be oped for me thy matchless store,  
Nor closed without return again.  
Let some sweet stream of tuneful praise  
Towards thy clear heaven its voice  
uplift,  
Along whose flow shall shine and blaze  
The gracious rainbow of thy gift.

## A ROMA.

CITTÀ delle città !  
Nel tuo cielo chiaro, ridente,  
Splende il sole col più bel folgor ;  
Sul tuo suolo dove la storia  
Spande la piena del suo tesoro,  
Brillan uniti l' antica gloria  
E del presente  
Tutti i fior.

Città delle città !  
Mentre il fiume corre in fretta,  
Che della vita si suol chiamar,  
Pallide ombre fra il tuo bello  
Spazio tornan a dimorar,  
E del tranquillo e calmo avello  
Che ci aspetta  
A favellar.

Città delle città !  
La tua fronte porta la soma

D' ogni delizia e d' ogni desir ;  
Nel tuo seno contempliamo  
Giunti il riso e il sospir ;  
Sul tuo cuore impariamo  
A viver, oh ! Roma,  
E a morir.

## ON THE PINCIAN.

THEIR dusky boughs the pine-trees lift  
Against the heaven's transcendent  
hue ;  
Nor does the faintest cloudlet drift  
One film across the perfect blue.  
The world lies bathed in sunshine ; hill  
And hollow, fountain, circling stream,  
Sparkle with light, and hushed and still  
The city, like a dream.

So smiles the Present, while the Past,  
Mysterious, dim, about it lies,  
Guarding the kingdoms wide and vast,  
Invisible to human eyes ;  
But whispering to human ears,  
With speech more potent than our  
own,  
The story of the by-gone years,  
In low, perpetual tone.

It tells how soon the race was o'er  
For others ; how we soon shall be,  
With kings and emperors gone before,  
But shadows of reality ;  
And how we pass that they may come  
Whom Time's swift courses bear  
along ;  
How other lips, when ours are dumb,  
Shall blossom into song :

As now we sing beside their graves  
Whose rhythmic laughter once made  
glad  
The earth, whose gentle memory craves  
From us more tender words than sad ;  
And as to-day o'er quick and dead  
Extends the sky's unsullied space,  
So ever o'er us all shall spread  
The infinite embrace ;

That change is not ; that destiny  
Rules with a calm, impartial sway ;  
That to all eyes is given to see  
The generous beauty of the day.  
And, last sweet comfort unto men, —  
The thought an armor 'gainst de-  
spair, —

Since this world is so blest, shall, then,  
A future be less fair ?

With thoughts like these of peace and  
rest,  
Amid the noon's effulgent light,  
Is soothed, not terrified, the breast,  
With shadows of the coming night ;  
And here within the soul's true home,  
Beneath thy calm and tranquil sky,  
While making life all joy, O Rome,  
Thou teachest how to die.



## AFTERMATH.

J. W., DIED MARCH, 1879.

BRAVE Heart, grown cold, didst thou  
not know

Full recognition when the field  
Was green in June, and glad to yield  
Its wealth to them who come to mow ?

And were there some who doubted,  
some,  
Unwitting that perchance thy peer  
Moved not in distant ranks or near,  
Upon whose lips thy praise grew dumb ?

Such is the meed of genius, such  
Experience proves the frequent fate  
That 'mid the small attends the great ;  
They, bringing little, sneer at much.

But the late summer cometh, when  
Once more his scythe the reaper sets,  
And for the season's store-house gets  
A new sweet crop to profit men.

So they as yet unborn shall reap  
The harvests of thy steadfastness  
And thy soul's noble law, and bless  
The mighty "fruits of them that sleep."

## A PRAYER.

NOT through my merits but your grace,  
Immortal powers that set me free,  
I stand before you face to face,  
And share in your eternity.

I know beyond this path so fair  
And joyous opes the dark abyss ;  
I know that wreck and ruin there  
May be the end of too much bliss.

But spare me ! If my humble dread  
Appease the Fate yourselves obey,  
Oh, on my bowed but crownèd head  
Let not your shafts descend to slay !

Your altars all I light with fires  
Where deepest awe and reverence  
meet ;  
And garlanded with gained desires  
I cling, still suppliant, to your feet.

## XAIPE!

HAIL and farewell! Thus in our brief  
career

The greetings follow; for our paths  
unite

But to diverge, and those so near and  
dear

To-day to-morrow vanish out of sight.

But, brave and patient heart, feel no  
dismay;

For though they pass as 't were be-  
hind a veil,

Thy dear ones are not lost, but all thy  
way

Is gladdened with their voices crying  
Hail!

And when thou standest on the shadowy  
brink

Of the profound Unknown, thy part-  
ing knell

Shall be their psalm of love, and thou  
shalt sink

On sleep's soft breast, soothed by  
their fond farewell!

SCHUMANN'S SYMPHONY IN  
B FLAT MAJOR.

A TRUMPET-CALL the slumbering sense  
    awakes,  
    And challenges to action and to fight.  
But swift the plumèd line of battle  
    breaks,  
    And, breathing o'er the brows of love  
    alight,  
The rhythm, adrift with human joys and  
    woes,  
    Goes wandering with a question and a  
    sigh  
    Throughout all life's expectancy, to  
    die  
At last in notes of rapture, as it rose.  
    The patriot Swiss, who clasped the  
    hostile spears,  
And through his bleeding breast carved  
    freedom's way,

*SCHUMANN'S SYMPHONY.* 161

Had known his peer on many a glorious  
day,

Had Schumann's muse been born of  
earlier years ;

For when such strains as these the  
heart do greet,

Great deeds seem easy, and to die were  
sweet.

## JOACHIM.

ACROSS the strings the sympathetic bow  
Swept, held and guided by a master-  
hand.

Like the enchanted beauty long ago  
Who slumbered, chained by magic bar  
and band,

Till on her lips the appointed prince did  
press

The liberating kiss and she awoke,  
So, 'neath the bow's long-drawn desired  
caress,

Swift into full and perfect being broke,  
Freed from the violin, the prisoned  
tones :

In myriad measure swelled the melody,  
Bewailing now with sobs and broken  
moans

The bondage past, now joyous to be  
free :

And as the strain began to rise and roll,  
The soul of music met the artist's soul.



## RUBINSTEIN.

AMID expectant silence, grave and still,  
He laid his hands upon the pallid keys.  
Straightway the notes began to throb and  
thrill.

Mirrored in sound the mighty mysteries,  
The fathomless of human life, its needs  
And hopes, doubts, fears, fancies and  
questionings

Appeared, and last the tramp of funeral  
steeds,

And trappings of the grave. On mighty  
wings

Uprose the stirring chords till the great  
dead

Heard where they wandered on the  
shadowy way.

Hushed for a moment was their solemn  
tread,

And athwart space a whisper seemed to  
stray, —

Hail ! great interpreter of god-like men !  
Beneath thy quickening touch we live  
again.

## CHOPIN.

THE polonaise is danced ; the waltz is  
done ;  
The guests are gone ; but still the vague  
regret  
That breathed through all things since  
the fête begun,  
Waits, and unrest and longing linger  
yet.  
Into the night ! there lie repose and  
peace.  
Hark ! how the wandering voices meet  
and flow  
In rhythm ; hear now those calm accords  
and low,  
Like dim forebodings of a swift release.  
“Whom the gods love die young.” So,  
Chopin, thou  
Heard'st early, through the harmonies  
that stirred  
Thy poet brain, the inevitable “Now !”

Mad'st answer, smiling, to the summon-  
ing word,  
And, sung to sleep on Music's tender  
breast,  
Sank'st gladly into an untroubled rest.

“ MEIN TAG WAR HEITER,  
GLÜCKLICH MEINE  
NACHT.”

FROM HEINE.

My day was joyous, happy was my night.  
My people's plaudits rang whene'er the  
lyre

Of poesy I struck ; my song's sweet fire  
Has kindled many a flame intense and  
bright.

My summer blossoms still, but piled  
and stored

Within my barns have I each golden ear  
Of corn, and all that made the world so  
dear

Now must I leave — leave all I so  
adored.

The hand falls from the harp-strings ;  
shattered lie

The fragments of the glass with life re-  
plete,

168 *MEIN TAG WAR HEITER.*

That gayly on my haughty lips I pressed.

O God ! how hateful-bitter 't is to die !

O God ! how heavenly 't is to live, how  
sweet,

In this enchanting little earthly nest !

TO R. W. E.

As sweeps a wind at morning, cool and  
clear,  
Against the wavering mists that break  
and flee,  
Leaving the wide blue prairies of the sea  
Outstretched in sunlit splendor far and  
near ;  
As, in the early breeze's fresh embrace,  
The autumn flowers shake off their sleep  
and shine,  
Gold, purple, 'mid a blaze of scarlet vine,  
And all the fields are clothed with joy  
and grace, —  
So, loftiest Teacher ! sweep thy wingèd  
words  
Against the mists and errors of our  
days.  
So to thy voice respond a thousand  
chords  
That slumbered, thrilling to perfected  
praise.

And 'neath the breath of thine inspiring  
mood,  
The soul grows strong and life seems  
sweet and good.



## CHAUCER.

A LIMPID source, a clear and bubbling  
spring,  
Born in some wooded dell unknown of  
heat,  
Above whose breast the leafy branches  
meet  
And kiss, and earthward wavering shad-  
ows fling ;  
Upon whose brink the perfumed flower-  
cups swing  
'Neath the light tread of hurrying insect  
feet ;  
Such, Chaucer, seems the sturdy note  
and sweet  
In thine unfettered song reëchoing.  
Hence they who sometimes weary of the  
play  
Of fountains and the artificial jets  
Which in gay parks and gardens dance  
and leap,

Turn back again into that forest-way  
Where thy fresh stream the grass and  
                  mosses wets  
That slumber on its margin cool and  
                  deep.

## AT SEA.

### I.

WHAT lies beyond the far horizon's  
rim ?

Ah ! could our ship but reach and an-  
chor there,

What wondrous scenes, what visions  
bright and fair

Would meet the eyes that gazed across  
the brim !

But though we crowd the canvas on and  
trim

Our barque with skill, the proud waves  
seem to bear

No nearer to that goal, and everywhere  
Stretches an endless circle wide and  
dim.

So do we dream, treading the narrow  
path

Of life, between the bounds of day and  
night,

To-morrow turns this page so often  
conned :

But when to-morrow cometh, lo ! it hath  
The limits of to-day, and in its light  
Still lies far off the unknown heaven beyond.

## II.

We sail the centre of a ceaseless round,  
Forever circled by the horizon's rim ;  
And fondly deem that from that far-off  
brim

Some sign will rise or some glad tidings  
sound.

But no word comes, nor aught to break  
the bound

Of sea and sky all day with distance  
dim,

And vanished quite when darkness, chill  
and grim,

About the deep her sable shroud has  
wound.

So on the seas of life and time we drift,  
Within the circling limits of our fate,  
Expectant ever of some solving breath.  
But no sound comes, no pitying hand  
doth lift

The veil nor faith nor love can pene-  
trate,  
And to our dusk succeeds the dark of  
death.

## A VOYAGE.

“ My soul is an enchanted boat.” — SHELLEY.

LET us float on the downward-flowing  
stream,  
Like to a happy lover with his bride.  
My heart is still, my soul is satisfied,  
Since thou art the companion of my  
dream.  
Above our heads the golden planets  
gleam,  
Fields strewn with flowers stretch by the  
river's side,  
The rippling waves make music as we  
glide ;  
Life, love and gladness is that music's  
theme.  
Whence did we come into this magic  
boat ?  
We know not, neither whither we are  
bound.

For fate is silent and its end unseen.  
Let us float on — what should we do but  
float?  
Until we pass into some sea profound  
Where all shall be as if it had not been.

## KINGS.

“The real king that God makes is the man who melts  
all wills into his own.”

CARLYLE.

I READ of kings and princes, how they  
sought  
With flattering word and deed to hold  
the dower  
Their sires bequeathed, and with new  
grants of power  
The sufferance of the half-freed nations  
bought.  
How vain and foolish is their race, I  
thought,  
Who strut upon the stage their little  
hour,  
Yet, like the meanest mortal, in the  
flower  
Of pride and pomp, must perish and be  
naught.  
Then fell the seër's words across my  
page:



The only king and sovereign by God's  
    grace,  
Is he who melts all wills into his own.  
When this one comes to claim his heri-  
    tage,  
How we fall back to give the monarch  
    place,  
And bend the obedient knee before his  
    throne !

## WEAVING.

THE fair-armed Helen in her fragrant  
room  
In Priam's palace, while the bloody  
fight  
Raged in the plain below, beyond her  
sight,  
Worked at a purple garment on the  
loom.  
Into the web she wove pictures of gloom  
And glory, deeds of prowess and of  
might,  
Labors of Greeks and Trojans till black  
night  
Enwrought them and they came upon their  
doom.  
Thus on the spreading loom of Time we  
weave  
The garment of our life ; the web we  
crowd  
With shifting images by fate allowed

To fill from nothingness our short re-  
prieve ;  
And haste the work although so loth to  
leave  
What, being finished, serves us for a  
shroud.

## A SHATTERED GLASS.

AMONG the curious trifles travellers  
show,  
Are bits of flashing, rainbow-tinted  
glass,  
Dropped by the hand of Time, that in  
the grass  
Of seldom-trodden fields half-hidden  
glow.  
What cups and bowls they fashioned  
who may know?  
But tales they tell to the new men that  
pass  
Of old-time feasts and revels, and, alas !  
Of pride and joy that perished long ago.  
That was a beauteous vase from which  
we drank  
Sunshine and smiles and love's sweet  
potion till  
From hands too weak to bear its weight  
it sank,

*A SHATTERED GLASS.* 183

And its frail rainbows shattered. If you  
will,

Let us take up the fragments while we  
thank

A gracious Heaven that these are left  
us still.

## SURPLUS.

WITH fullest sunshine that yon heaven  
reveals  
Glittered the temple-walls of his abode ;  
And life on him those richest gifts be-  
stowed  
Which else with niggard hand it most  
conceals.  
The obstacles at which the faint soul  
feels  
Its strength give way, were crushed,  
when not the goad  
To new success, like pebbles on the  
road,  
Scarce noticed 'neath a conqueror's  
chariot-wheels.  
But his heart trembled, for he wisely  
said :  
I am unworthy of this perfect feast :  
Lo ! I bring offerings to each jealous  
god ;

Let not one be forgot, not even the least,  
If so I may escape the avenging rod:  
Of state too prosperous I am afraid.

## FLORENCE.

LIKE some fair woman on whose breast  
are hung  
Jewels of price, so decked from side to  
side  
With towers and domes and palaces, in  
pride  
And state she sits the circling hills  
among.  
Into her lap the centuries have flung  
Their splendid spoils, and art with art  
has vied  
To weave her charmèd raiment to abide  
And keep her ever beautiful and young.  
And those who pass beneath her potent  
sway  
She welcomes nobly, and with royal  
mien  
Points where her garnered stores of  
treasure lie.



Take of them what you will, she seems  
to say:

Here are no limits, for a queen am I,  
Generous in giving as befits a queen.

## SHELLEY.

### I.

HE sang the Titan's woes and victory,  
Himself a Titan through whose giant  
mind

Astounding shapes swept swifter than  
the wind,

And than the wind more grand and high  
and free.

Ever his ardent vision seemed to see  
Amid the glorious structures he de-  
signed

Of poetry, the weal of human-kind,

A reign of hope and love and liberty.

Stilled is that heart, so loyal and so  
brave,

Within the compass of a funeral urn,

Beneath the shade of cypresses and  
pines.

But sweet as violets blooming on the  
grave

His voice remains, and bright his proud  
verse shines  
As in the skies the deathless planets  
burn.

## II.

## COR CORDIUM.

ALL that the water and the fire have  
spared,  
The purifying elements that blend  
With the remembrance of thy early end  
Whom the gods loved, now with the  
earth is shared.  
Amid a scene of beauty unimpaired  
By blot or stain, upon thy grave descend  
The cypress shadows while above extend  
Such realms of splendor as thy verse  
declared.  
O Heart of Hearts ! repose beneath the  
sod.  
The immortal spirit marvellously great  
Has found on heights of fame its glorious  
seat.  
With flaming wings and garments of a  
god,

Upon those mountain-peaks it keeps its  
state  
While Time rolls up our plaudits to its  
feet.

ROME, 1881.

## ROME AFTER 1870.

MOTHER of Nations, on whose classic  
brow

Glittered in turn the imperial diadem,  
The royal fillet, and that brighter gem  
With which free men their chosen chief  
endow ;

To-day's fresh crown prints nobler fur-  
rows now

Upon thy front than left by all of them.  
New pearls of promise deck thy gar-  
ment's hem,

And thy pulse quivers at a people's vow.  
Child of these later times ! yield to thy  
land

Again the blessings it has rendered  
thee !

Last, precious conquest of a valiant  
band,

Weary of bondage, struggling to be  
free,

192      *ROME AFTER 1870.*

Resolved on union, — be the strong  
right Hand

As still thou art the Heart of Italy !

## TO ROME.

### I.

A GARDEN of Armida wherein flows  
A stream of sweet oblivion, where the  
    roar  
And din of far-off fights is heard no  
    more,  
Where for all wounds some healing bal-  
    sam grows ;  
A dream in which no dread of waking  
    throws  
Its darkling shadow o'er the fancy's  
    store,  
But where the radiant-fingered hours  
    outpour  
Long draughts of rest, refreshment, and  
    repose ;  
Both these, — a vision, an enchanted  
    space, —  
City of cities ! when the eyes have seen

Thy deeper mysteries, dost thou appear.  
Fain would the heart, in homage to thy  
    grace  
And grandeur, cry that the wide world  
    might hear :  
Hail ! mighty Rome ! my mistress and  
    my queen !

## II.

Like an o'erwhelming wind that sweeps  
    along  
The path on which glad bands of pil-  
    grims come,  
Lashing their limbs till they grow stiff  
    and numb,  
Smiting their lips and robbing them of  
    song ;  
So do thy mighty shadows move among  
The daily shows, upon their fronts the  
    sum  
And story of the Past ; and speech is  
    dumb,  
And dead desire before that wondrous  
    throng.  
What should he prate whose ear is  
    strained to catch



Their voiceless accents? how torment  
the heart  
With thoughts aside from their imperi-  
ous sway?  
Back, every crowding image, while we  
watch  
The spirits' progress, and e'en thou de-  
part,  
O Love! unanswered; this is not thy  
day.

## III.

As in the presence of the loved one fly,  
For him who loves, the golden-wingèd  
hours,  
So 'mid the circle of thy charm, with  
showers  
Of gifts and benisons the days go by.  
And as his mistress still the lover's eye  
Invests with new-found beauties, so  
fresh flowers  
Upon thy bounteous lap the lavish Pow-  
ers  
Seem to our dazzled sight to multiply.  
And one divinely-drunken spirit nods

Above the cup thou bear'st, crying:  
    'T is fraught  
With joy; drink deep while the wine  
    overflows.  
But one more wise a warning word be-  
    stows ;  
Heart ! let thy bliss be tempered by the  
    thought —  
Excess of rapture pleases not the gods.

## ANTINOUS OF THE VATICAN.

ANTINOUS, upon thy brow of snow  
It seems as if the gathered sunshine lay  
Of ages, and about thy sweet lips play  
The same glad smiles that wreathed  
    them long ago.

Thy curls' luxuriant clusters seem to  
    glow

With the old life ; we almost hear thee  
    say

The word thou usedst to murmur in  
    that day

When love's kiss burned on thy mouth's  
    perfect bow.

O sweetest youth that ever human eyes  
Have gazed upon, thou mak'st the heart  
    grow warm

Of him who lifts his glance to thee  
    above.

And thine, besides the charm of face  
    and form,

198 *ANTINOUS OF THE VATICAN.*

His higher fame of whom the poet  
cries:

“How noble is his end who dies for  
love !”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more !”

PETRARCH.

## A BAS-RELIEF.

A WHITE-ROBED priestess by an altar  
stands,  
Whence breath of flowers and flame of  
sacrifice  
With intermingled smoke of incense  
rise,  
Serving the god with fair and stainless  
hands.  
Up an ascending pathway come the  
bands  
Of worshippers with gifts ; their yearn-  
ing eyes  
Turned towards the goal that in the dis-  
tance lies  
Like some cloud structure reared in sun-  
set lands.  
But now the shrine is reached ; each one  
has bowed  
Before the gracious presence ; each has  
passed,

Leaving his offering, of the adoring  
throng.

Garlands and jewels there are strewn ;  
and last

A smiling youth, bright-haired and eager-  
browed,

Lays at the altar's foot a wreath of song.

## ADDIO A ROMA.

SERBA, o città ! un silenzio maestoso ;  
Tu di chi parte non senti il dolore ;  
Tu sei eterna, e in immortal splendore  
Brilla il volto tuo, alto e luminoso,  
Verso di te lo sguardo lacrimoso  
Volge nell' ultima ora il viaggiatore,  
E col pianto misto, dal triste cuore  
Prorompe il suo discorso amoroso.  
Cara e beata ! ti cinge il pensier mio,  
Come le braccia nell' ardente amplesso  
D' amor l' oggetto stringon del desio.  
Tu che mi porti d' ogni mal l' obbligo,  
E il mio cammin rischiari col riflesso  
D' un indicibil gioia — addio, addio !

## ON LEAVING ITALY.

As one who gazes on a dear dead face,  
When all is o'er, and cannot let it go,  
But with hot tears, and accents weak  
    with woe,  
Pleads for one last reprieve, one little  
    space,  
Before the grave shall cover all that  
    grace  
Which even in death the pallid features  
    show,  
Knowing that while the stream of life  
    shall flow,  
No newer love this old one can replace ;  
So do I turn once more, and yet once  
    more,  
Land of my love, my lingering look on  
    thee.  
A month, — a week, — a day ; — it may  
    not be :



*ON LEAVING ITALY.* 203

So sounds the message that the further  
shore

Cries to its messenger th' unfeeling sea.

Farewell, O Italy ! my Italy !







Love Poems  
and Sonnets

BY  
OWEN INNSLY



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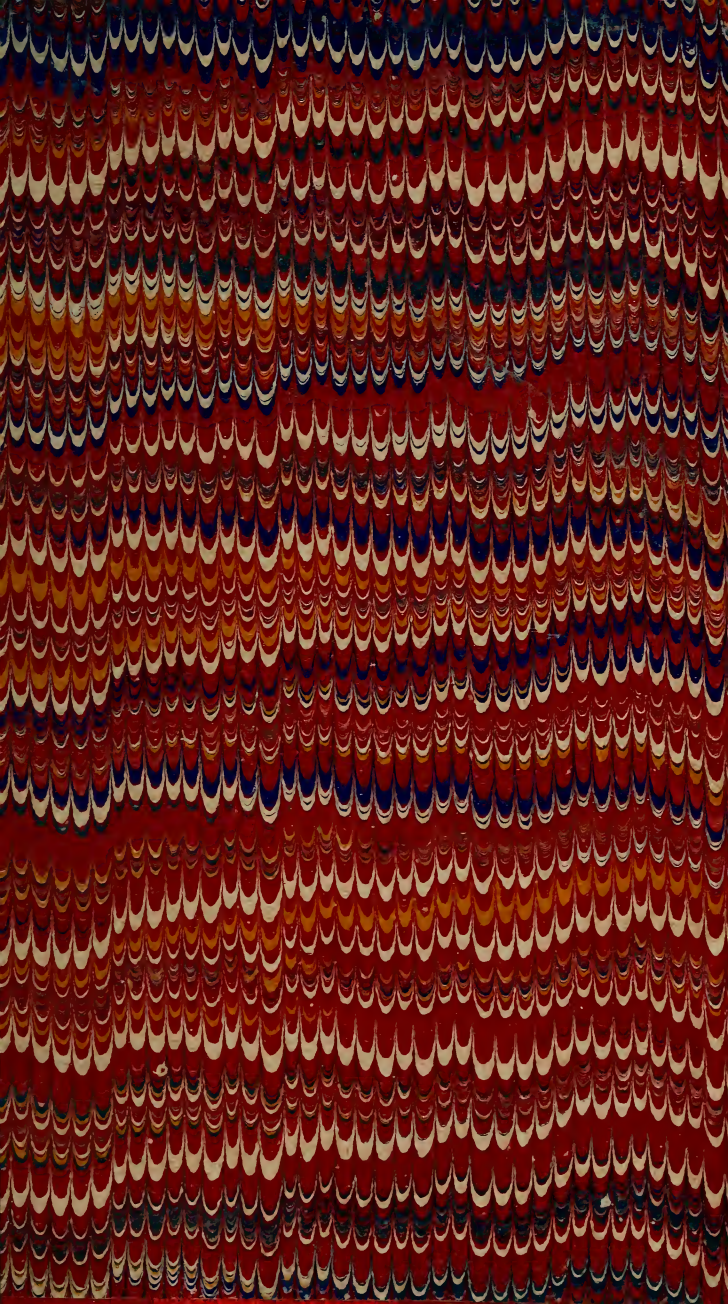














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